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WHAT I SAW IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE

BY

JESSICA LOZIER PAYNE

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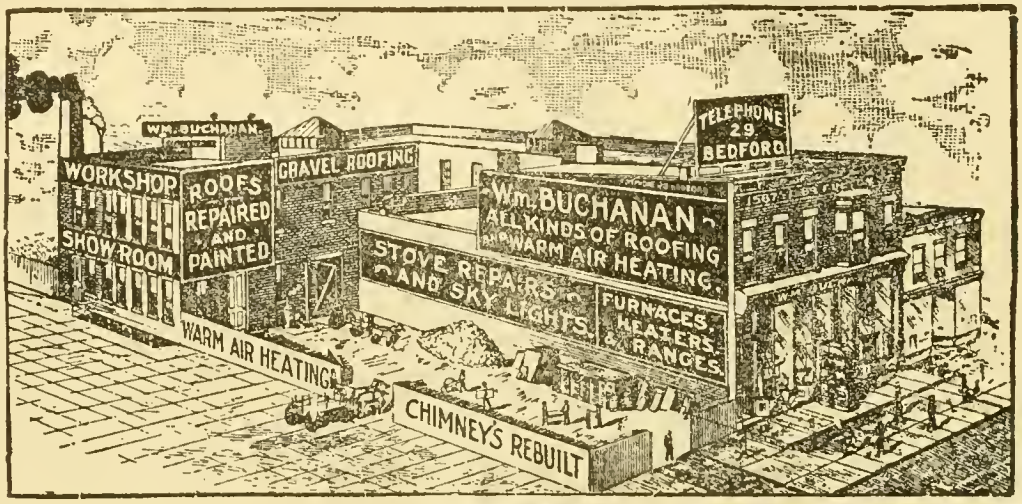

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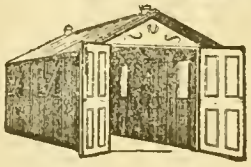

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WHAT I SAW IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE

By JESSICA LOZIER PAYNE

Mrs. Jessica Lozier Payne is well-known through her interesting "Current Topics" talks. She has traveled extensively and is well posted on what is going on in the world. In her "talks" and writings she shows a broad comprehension of the large elements involved in the world's news and she has the ability to explain them in clear, crisp and precise statements. In the following letters written for The Eagle Mrs. Payne shows she has made a study of the psychology of the people and has obtained the point of view of high authorities as well as that of the humblest citizen.

Every American Regarded as a Spy Until Proof Is Given to Contrary

The difficulties of travel in Europe in war times are apparent as soon as your steamer docks. An alien officer closely examines your papers and puts a good many searching questions to you before you are permitted to put foot on shore, and it is not unusual for steamers arriving at Liverpool to have to board and lodge until their return trip unfortunate passengers who have not been able to convince the British authorities that their business is urgent and harmless, and that they are persona grata.

An official explained to me that unless a traveler were particularly desirable his place on a railroad train might better be filled by a soldier, and the very food he consumes might better be conserved for the use of the English people while the country is at war. Then, too, there is always the suspicion that you might be a spy. The police keep track of every move made by an alien; you must report as soon as you reach a city and give the police a day's notice before you can leave.

It was 10 o'clock when I drove up to my hotel in Liverpool, and even at that hour on Sunday evening I was requested to go to the police station to register before I could be given a room.

I said to the police official: "Why do you treat me with such suspicion? My papers are straight, my intentions are honest and evident, and my business is plain."

He replied: "Madame, our orders are to regard every American as a German spy until proof is given us to the contrary. England has suffered so much harm since the beginning of the war by her laxness in permitting travelers bearing American passports to have perfect freedom of travel that now we are using every precaution to protect ourselves."

"But," I said, "after all you have to use your judgment and trust to your perception and intuition, for papers could be forged and wrong information given, if a person were trying to deceive the authorities, and I don't look like a spy, do I?"

"That is just it, the Germans are too clever to employ as a spy anyone who looks like one; so you never can tell."

MRS. JESSICA LOZIER PAYNE

I found the English police difficult enough, but I didn't begin to know how impossible a human official could be until I reached Scotland.

Edinburgh is in what they have designated as the restricted military area, which includes the east and west coasts and the northern part of Scotland above Aberdeen. In this area there are more stringent restrictions in regard to travel than elsewhere in Great Britain.

By the time I arrived in Edinburgh I had accomulated quite a sheaf of credentials from the different police stations en route, so I felt safe; but the Scotch alien officer pushed all aside and said:

"Whaur's your Identity Book?"

I had to confess that I had none, and he gave me a blue covered book containing twenty-one questions to be filled out and signed by two householders. This was rather a poser for me until I remembered that somewhere in Edinburgh I must have a Consul, and forthwith I hunted him up and told him my troubles. His name is Rufus Gleming and he is a splendid type of American, appointed under McKinley and still holding the office, which goes to prove that all good Consuls are not changed with changing political powers.

Armed with the Identity Book filled out and bearing the consular stamp, I returned to the police station, but the end was not yet.

Reading it cautiously, the officer came to a dead halt at question II, "Personal Description." Looking severely at me, he said: "Have you no' a mark of identity upon your person?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Have you no blemish, mole or scar to identify you?"

I could think of nothing but a tiny mole upon my right wrist, and this I offered hopefully. He scrutinized it solemnly and then said:

"I canna accept it; 'tis too sma.'"

Much disappointed, I suggested my cleft chin, but this he also refused, saying, "That's verra common in these parr'rts."

Looking accusingly at me, he said: "Whut's that on your cheek?"

I recalled that blemish, but asked him not to take that, since it disappears when I am not tired. I said: "It vanishes like a submarine, you know." With great seriousness, he said:

"No, it's not verra like a subma-

rine." And I remembered too late that they were engaged in catching submarines in the vicinity of Edinburgh and considered them far from being the subject of a joke. To cover my embarrassment, I said: "Well, I am very sorry, but I cannot mutilate myself just to give you a mark of identity to write in your book."

He considered this statement and reluctantly agreed with me. Fortunately I remembered a small scar of recent date on my wrist, and we compromised on this. It was duly measured and described, and I devoutly hoped it would stay by me and not fade away before I left the land of the cautious and canny Scot.

How England Defends Itself From Zeppelin Attacks

In Great Britain the streets are practically dark at night. The only lights are those of an occasional street lamp, which wears what they call a "war bonnet." This is a tin hood covering extending down over the sides of the lamps, and below this the lamp itself is painted black and casts only a faint glow on the sidewalk directly beneath it.

Street cars and buses glide through the prevailing gloom with small bulls-eyes of orange, blue or green to indicate their route; taxis have no headlights, and small oil lamp serves to show their tariff meter.

Even the houses are black, not a line of light frames the windows. In a shop in Edinburgh I saw a woman buying a quantity of rolls of narrow gummed paper, like our passepartout binding. I asked her what it was used for, and she told me that there was a heavy fine imposed by the government if a ray of light came from the windows, so if the shades were not a tight fit it was necessary to paste this taping on the edges to make them light-proof.

In the hotel bedrooms signs are posted in red, "All blinds must be securely drawn before the lights are turned on. If a window is desired open at night, it must be opened after the light is turned down. Neglect to carry out these precautions will bring guests within scope of the 'Defense of the Realm Regulations.'"

An American friend of mine in a London hotel carelessly turned on the light of her room before pulling down the shades. In a few moments the porter informed her that the police wished to speak to her down stairs. Descending in trepidation, she found a majestic policeman, who said:

"Madam, you have been observed signaling with the blind from your bedroom window—that is an offense punishable with fine and imprisonment."

"But," said she, "I am an American citizen, and a stranger in town, and I haven't been signaling to anyone. I remember that the shade did stick, and I had to jerk it once or twice before it would come down to cover the window."

"Was your light turned on before the blind was lowered?"

"Yes, I pushed the electric button on entering the room." All her documents of identification had to be produced, and every point of the situation carefully explained before the guardian of the law would consent to let her off, and only then because it was a first offense.

In Scotland they go a step further, and in the hotel corridors the large notices inform the guests that in case of an air raid the electric lights will be lowered a few moments before being entirely extinguished, in order to give guests an opportunity to descend to the bomb-proof vaults of the cellar.

Great Britain protects herself from invasion at night by great searchlights that sweep the heavens, and by a large fleet of observation aeroplanes and balloons. If an attacking group of Zeppelins should be seen flying at high altitude to escape the defending airships, warning is sent by wireless to the threatened region.

In the towns and cities certain prearranged signals are then given by sirens and fire bells, and the inhabitants are supposed to seek safety in their bomb-proof cellars. As a matter of fact, they do no such thing, but as soon as the coming of the Zeppelins is announced they flock out in the streets in hastily assumed costumes and stare up at the sky with as keen an interest as though it were some specially prepared fireworks for their amusement. Scotland, being just across from Germany, or, rather from Helgoland, which is the great Zeppelin base, attacks from Zeppelins are matters of frequency, happening every week or two, but small damage has resulted, and a surprisingly small loss of life. Friends of mine who have a summer home near North Berwick, on the coast, have had their golf course torn up several times by the "Zepps," and a few rabbits and sheep were killed, but no bomb has struck the house or caused any loss of life in their neighborhood.

In Edinburgh no signs of destruction were visible. I saw one building, a brewery in the suburbs, at Grafton, that had been set on fire and destroyed as the effect of a raid, but nothing in the city itself.

War Finds New Occupations for Women

Women are entering lines of industry that were not open to them before the war. Everywhere in Great Britain they are doing work which formerly was done only by men. In Edinburgh you are struck at once by the novelty of women conductors on the trams and buses.

done only by men. In Edinburgh you are struck at once by the novelty of women conductors on the trams and buses.

They are generally young girls and look very neat and trim in a blue serge uniform and cap with red pipings. The coat is a plaited Norfolk with outside pockets, and they carry a money bag of leather suspended from the shoulder and around the neck is hung a metal coin holder. They seem much impressed with their semi-official position and are very quick and alert, and especially observant of all the "safety first" precautions in mounting or leaving the car.

The postmen are sturdy young women and seemed quite equal to what is demanded of them. They looked ruddy and strong as they went about their task of delivery, with a great pouch of mail strapped on one shoulder. I said to one of them:

"How do you like your job?"

"I like it fine."

"And what will you do when the men come home?"

"Well, I'm thinkin' there'll be other jobs for the men to do, and they'll not be carryin' the mail. There's a mort o' things a woman can do and leave the men free to do a man's work."

This seemed pretty good logic to me and a practical settlement of one item of that knotty after-the-war problem.

I also saw in Edinburgh women who were licensed chauffeurs for private automobiles, and I found on inquiry that they cleaned the cars, changed the tires and did the small repairs, just as would be expected of a man in that position.

Another innovation was the employing of women clerks in certain departments of the dry goods stores, such as linen goods, silks and haberdashery, where men had always been used before. And in banks and law offices it was a very new thing to employ women clerks, but now only the chief tellers and department heads are men.

The women everywhere are giving great satisfaction, not only to the public whom they serve but also to their employers. This will lead to a strange situation after the war.

The great question to be asked will be threefold in its nature. It is a man-and-woman question of a new sort, since it has no concern with politics nor a direct bearing on the subject of matrimony:

1. Will women be content to go back to their former condition of financial dependence after having known the independence of their own pay envelope?

2. Will the public be willing to go back to the service of men in those public positions where women have proved so much more acceptable?

3. Will employers consent to give up the women, whose service has in many cases proved superior to that of men and who are not bound by the obstructing laws of the trades unions, and who in many cases ask for less pay for the same work that men have done?

This is a problem peculiar to the countries at war and will undoubtedly result in a readjustment of the entire labor system.

Women Work Tirelessly Making Shells for the Front

Among all the changes which the war has caused in industry none has been more spectacular than those brought about by the ever-increasing demand for shot and shells. In the many new employments for women it is the munition story that is the wonderful one.

The government called on every machine shop and foundry in the United Kingdom to turn out munitions. In addition, old warehouses were hastily fitted with lathes and tools and new buildings run up and equipped as speedily as possible. Where were the workers to be found? The men were needed at the front and there was nothing for it but to call upon the women to do their bit and serve their country and their flag. A tremendous army of women was needed to serve as machine hands, and no readier patriotism has been shown than the way in which they responded to the call. By the thousands they came trooping in and are still coming, although the tide has swelled beyond the quarter of a million mark.

In Edinburgh I was eager to see and talk to these women munition workers, but it is very difficult to get on the inside of these plants doing government work, for naturally they do not desire visitors.

But through the influence of friends, who vouched for my innocuousness, an appointment was made for me to visit the works of Bruce, Peebles & Co., the largest engineering works in Scotland, and now employing 150 girls on munition work, and also the shops of David Thomson, engaged before the war in manufacturing bakery machinery, but now doing nothing but government work and employing over 200 girls.

Entering Bruce, Peebles & Co. I found myself surrounded by the hum and throb of speeding machinery. Long aisles of electrically driven tools, each with a woman worker before it absorbed in her task. There were many young girls, pretty and rosy cheeked, and all dressed in a uniform of lavender cotton goods which completely covered them, and on their heads were shirred mob caps of the same to keep their hair from dust and from being caught in the machinery. The ages seemed to range from 18 to 25, and they seemed very interested when the forewoman told them that I was a lady from America who wanted to see the women working.

I spoke to one smiling, blue-eyed girl, whose tool was making grooves in a core. She had only one part of this operation to complete, and it did not require special skill, since the tool was set to perfom this task automatically.

"Don't you get tired of doing this ten hours every day?" I asked her.

"No, I like to watch my tool cut the metal, just as if it were cheese, and every shell I pass along I say, 'There goes another for our boys at the front.'"

That seems to be the spirit that carries the work along, and you can feel it as you walk by these rows of women, each faithfully doing her bit to help, for, without doubt, every woman there had some man belonging to her out on the fighting line.

The heaviest work I saw women doing was operating the hydraulic press, which, under tremendous pressure, welds the copper band on the shells. Three young Amazons were doing this and were jesting and laughing and apparently enjoying it.

The government inspectors were young women, too, and had instruments for measuring each shell before it was passed for test. Those that did not come up to requirements were rejected.

England's Women Workers Shun the Four Fatal Ps

Realizing that most of these women were earning and handling more money than they had ever seen before, and that for the first time they had the liberty of spending it, I was curious to know how it was working out and if they were extravagant or thrifty.

The lady superintendent, who interests herself in the welfare of the girl workers even after they leave the shop, would know all the facts, so I asked her about it.

"Well," she said, "at the beginning there was a great deal of money wasted on what we called 'the four fatal P's.' Now the girls are steadying down, savings accounts are growing, and living conditions show signs of betterment."

"What do you mean by the four fatal P's?" I asked.

"When the girls first had money of their own to spend they were naturally tempted to get the luxuries they craved and which had always been far out of reach, those all happen to begin with the letter P, and we, who were trying to help the girls to spend the money wisely, ran up against this bit of human nature, and felt that these four P's were our worst stumbling blocks—the P's are, plumes, perfumes, phonographs and pianos."

At David Thomson's I found much the same conditions and kind of work, except that the girls were uniformed in light blue. I was particularly interested in the canteen, which was in a large room near the entrance. Here I saw a very refined young woman with her arms bare to the elbow and working an enormous mass of dough.

"What are you making?" I asked her.

"Biscuits for dinner," she said. "There will be about 200 needed to feed the shift that comes off at noon, for they like my biscuits very much."

"What else are you going to give them today?"

"Stewed steak and onions, potatoes, and a sweet pudding, and all the tea, coffee or milk they want."

"Do they pay for this?"

"Oh, yes, they pay enough to cover the actual cost of the raw materials; for instance, about a sixpence, and the firm is glad to pay for the fuel

and other charges, since this canteen keeps the girls in better working condition. By having one good hot, nourishing meal in the middle of the day it means a great increase in efficiency."

I found that this young woman in charge of the canteen has an independent income and does not need to earn money. She does it in a spirit of patriotism, and has been faithfully at work there for over eight months without the loss of a day, and much of the cooking she not only supervises but actually does herself. Perhaps her nearest men folk had been among the first hundred thousand, and had never come home. To me she seemed the embodiment of the new spirit of earnestness shown by the women of Great Britain, who have been cut deep, and are now offering themselves to do any task so that they may feel they are helping England to be victorious and their losses may not have been in vain.

London Bobbies Knight Errants to Damsels in Distress

One misty night in London I found myself after nightfall at Whitehall gardens, and late for my dinner engagement at the Carlton.

In the darkness even the crossing of a street seemed an adventure, and I saw with relief the figure of a policeman looming up in the dusk. Those London "Bobbies" are splendid fellows, they seems a race quite apart from ordinary mortals—tall, genial and courteous they are, they are regular knight errants to damsels in distress.

Telling him my plight, I asked the policeman to help me get a taxi; but here again London has to conform to war conditions, it is forbidden to use the customary taxi whistle after nightfall, since its shrill sound disturbed the many wounded soldiers in town.

We could hear the hum of taxis in motion and could see the blur of their pale lights, but we could not tell if they had a fare, nor could they see you on the sidewalk making frantic signals.

Finally the policeman said, "I think you would make better time walking, you would be quite all right, and I could pass you on."

I didn't know just what it meant to be "passed on" like a bill in Congress, but my faith in the London Bobby being supreme, I assented. We walked along until we reached the end of his beat, where we found another policeman and I was transferred to the lee shelter of his cape with the laconic remark, "Lady for the Carlton."

And so by relays I was passed on from one policeman to another, each as much like the last as his twin brother, until I reached the hotel.

This was my one experience with the police during my stay in England in which I had not been made to feel like a potential German spy. It makes a tremendous difference on which side of the situation you find yourself. Whether you are sheltered by the protecting arm of the law, or whether you are an object of suspicion against which the arm of the law is raised in protection of itself.

The contrast gave me a clear insight into the psychological attitude of a criminal in regard to the law which as a humanizing experience was all to the good.

Spies Sometimes Have Maps Painted on Their Backs With Invisible Ink

Crossing from London to Paris is very difficult. Often for days at a time there will be no boat between Southampton and Havre, which is the only one of the former five routes now open for general traffic. This is kept clear by means of great metal nets near the coasts, and by trawlers that continually sweep the lane clear of mines and watch for submarines. If one is reported near the English Channel communication is stopped until the danger is past. The military route between Dover and Calais is then the only connection between England and France, and this is used solely for the transport of troops and military supplies.

A very thorough search of your baggage is made before leaving Southampton. You are not permitted to take a scrap of printed or written paper with you unless it has been vised and stamped by the censor. If you hesitate in answering the questions put to you, you become an object of suspicion and are taken in a small room for personal examination. An American gentleman who crossed on the boat with me was stripped and searched, and even his back was washed with a solution of alcohol, for the English discovered that maps of important localities or fortifications were sometimes painted in invisible ink on the back of a spy, and these were made legible by the use of a wash of a certain acid.

After all these precautions you go through a search almost as rigid when you land in Havre, after a trip of about six hours, and the English work here, too, with the French.

But, once in France, conditions of travel are much more simple. Of course, you cannot go up near the front or the fighting line, and you are always liable to be held up and delayed on the railway, for military trains have the right of way. You still must report at the police stations, but you are not regarded with suspicion, as you are in Great Britain, and as long as you comply with the required regulations you may go about your business.

Paris is a little difficult, for a traveler must either pass straight through, remaining not more than twenty-four hours, or else is required to remain from eight to fourteen days, while his case is being investigated.

But when you have constantly before your eyes the spectacle of how tremendous a price in suffering and sacrifice these countries are paying for the war, you cannot blame them for taking every precaution, and the attendant delay and inconvenience to you seem a matter of insignificance.

How War Conditions Affect Westminster Abbey

London by day looks much the same as in peace times. Zeppelin raids have wrought no visible destruction, and except for the many soldiers and officers, the girls in semi-military uniforms of woolen khaki cloth, wearing the V. A. D. (Volunteer Aid Detachment) badge, and groups of wounded convalescents being taken in batches to the cinema escorted by watchful, rosy-cheeked nurses in crisp uniform, one would never know from externals that the country is at war.

But though things look the same, there is a difference, and one feels it keenly; it is in the air. It is indefinable, but none the less real; you feel that the people are roused, they are determined, there is a new crispness of expression, an added briskness to the gait of the men on the street. England has made sacrifices and has suffered and the faces of the people show it.

On the Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity I attended service at Westminster Abbey. It was a most unusual and thrilling sight. Entrance was only through the Poets Corner, and the Abbey was full even to the standing-room capacity, and this service was just the usual one of Sunday morning. A good half of the congregation were men, many of them soldiers from over seas. The metal letters on their shoulder straps told their home country. I saw men in uniform from Australia,

Tasmania, New Zealand, Canada and South Africa; they looked around with interest, for many of them had never been in Westminster Abbey before.

I sat between a Highlander in kilts who had a beautiful baritone voice, and a naval cadet, who sang a clear sweet tenor. The hymns chosen were familiar ones and the men's voices in the congregation quite drowned the choir.

We sang that lovely old hymn by William Cowper, "God Moves in a Mysterious Way, His Wonders to Perform." I shall never forget the singing of that verse,

> Judge not the Lord by feeble sense
> But trust Him for His Grace,
> Behind a frowning providence,
> He hides a smiling face.

The women in the congregation were too moved to sing after the second line. They frankly and audibly sobbed, while the men, with steady, vibrant voices, sustained by the deep notes of the organ, carried it triumphantly to the end.

The sermon was short, clear and practical in its application, it was preached by the Rev. C. P. J. Proctor, Vicar of Islington, and it was a plea for a more real expression of the spiritual in everyday life.

After the service I walked around the Abbey and noted the precautions taken against Zeppelin bombs. The chapel of Henry VII has all the carved effigies of the ancient tombs protected by sand bags, and the main altar of the Abbey itself is heaped high with sand bags, thousands of them. The priceless old windows of the apse have all been removed and replaced with plain glass. At St. Margaret's, just outside of the Abbey, I noticed that the beautiful windows were gone, too. I asked a verger where they were, and he said, "Buried where the Huns will never find them."

In the crisp, clear sunshine of that September day it seemed impossible to think of any such impending danger, but even as I looked up at the clock tower of the Parliament building where "Big Ben" is housed I saw a British aircraft sailing majestically through the blue.

This mysterious Taube, whose pulsating breath could be plainly heard, seemed half bird and half guardian angel for that ancient Abbey where, from the time of Edward I, England had crowned her kings and queens, and whose monuments in sculptured stone epitomize the history of the nation. I sent up a special prayer that the fate of Rheims Cathedral might not befall this beautiful old Abbey of Gothic structure, so crowded with memories and steeped in the incense of prayer of generations.

Food Prices Sky High—Women in Unusual Jobs

Having seen the women working in the engineering shops in Edinburgh, I was very curious to see how they were taught. Of course, the secret of making this unskilled labor valuable lies in splitting up a complicated operation into many simple ones, and then training the girl for that single thing, whether it be a drill or lathe or riveter. She soon becomes very expert, and can turn out her portion both quickly and accurately, and pass it along for the next operation.

The Royal Technical College of Glasgow has courses of training for munition workers, arranged at the request of the Minister of Munitions. Professor Mellenby, the head of this department, said that the women pick up this work much more quickly than a man above the exemption age.

I talked with a young girl, who was a typical Highland lassie, with blue-green eyes and a quantity of the loveliest red hair. She had nearly completed her course of training, and was engaged on a slot-drilling tool. This was very delicate work, calling for accuracy up to 1-10,000th of an inch.

Said she: "I never knew there was such a fine measurement; it seems like cutting a hair in two. But I was a dressmaker before I volunteered for munitions work, so I always had a straight eye."

It is interesting to see a man, who two years ago would have scorned to work next to a woman, now co-operating with the Government and teaching a group of girls the cherished tricks of the trade—things that he had learned by a slow process of years, and had zealously guarded.

Everything in the way of food is very costly. I paid sixpence apiece for oranges, but they might be classed as luxuries and tempted me because they were labeled "Tasmanian seedless fruit." I found that even the necessities were almost double in price to that of two years ago, and I made a comparative list with a housekeeper which might interest those of us in this country who know how much they are paying for food. I have given American equivalent for the money.

	Present Price.	Before War.
Butter, lb.	59 cents	29 cents
Pototoes, pk.	29 cents	16 cents
Gran. sugar, lb.	12 cents	6 cents
Eggs, doz.	66 cents	25 cents
Bacon, lb.	41 cents	18 cents
Bread, loaf	19 cents	12 cents

I had an amusing experience in Glasgow. The city was crowded and, like Edinburgh, teeming with life. When a page was sent to show me my room at the Central Station Hotel I was taken up to the last stop of the elevator and then mounted an extra flight of stairs. It was evidently the attic, and as I followed the boy down corridors I passed several soldiers and heard whistling and banging from the different rooms. While the door was being unlocked I read a sign tacked upon it. 'Guests will please not clean their boots on the household linen." That was rather a shock to me, and my suspicions were confirmed when on entering I saw a small black iron bed, and the dresser placed between the two high mansard windows, so I felt it was no place for me, and I told the boy to take my bags back to the office. The young woman at the entrance desk said:

"I am afraid that is the best we can do for you, madam. We are full up, and the only other vacant room is a parlor bedroom, and you would have to pay high for that."

"How high?" I asked.

"Twelve shillings a day."

"Even so," said I, "I will take it." And smiled to myself as I thought of the tiny room you could buy for $3 a day at the Biltmore or Ritz in New York. The first thing I did when I entered that room was to look in the mirror to see why I had not impressed that clerk as a possible $3-a-day guest.

In Glasgow I found women employed in many industries aside from munitions or shipbuilding. Their substitution for men in various trades covered so broad a field that I made a list from an employment bureau of some lines that interested me.

Four hundred and sixty women are employed in lighting and extinguishing stair and street lights; 140 women clean the streets, and often empty dust bins, and, most spectacular of all, a woman has been seen, decently dressed in black, driving a hearse.

At an employment agency there was one applicant for housework, and there were fifty women trying to secure her. People living in the suburbs of Glasgow are swarming into town and filling the hotels to get rid of the servant problem.

Women of wealth are also responding to the needs of their country. Hundreds of beautiful country houses are either turned over for hospitals or transformed into convalescent homes for the soldiers. The country is full of young women "V. A. D.'s" (Volunteer Aid Detachment), nursing in hospitals and distributing supplies.

At Bromley, a training station near London, a funny incident occurred. Finding that there were no bathtubs provided for the soldiers, a young woman went from house to house asking that the use of the bathtub with soap and towels be given to the soldiers on stated days of the week.

One fussy matron appeared at the office a few days later and said:

"I don't mind a dirty soldier on Monday nights, but you must really not send me two on Wednesday night, for my daughter positively must take a hot bath on that night."

England as Germany's Rival in Making of Dyes

On my way down from Glasgow to London I decided to stop at Manchester, which is in the cotton spinning and weaving district, to note the changed war conditions.

The train service is greatly disrupted by the military needs of the hour. The transportation of soldiers, horses, munitions and supplies of all sort is given the right of way. The railways have taken off their restaurant cars and sleeping coaches, and, except for fast through trains, time tables are frequently changed at a moment's notice.

The Government protects travelers from Zeppelin raids at night by a notice commanding that all blinds be closely drawn until the train is run into the station shed. Further warning is given against German spies by a sign posted in all cars and stations: "Discussion in public of naval or military matters may convey information to the enemy. Be on your guard."

It was nearly midnight when I reached Manchester and since the porters had all enlisted for military service there were only a couple of sleepy old grandfathers to handle the luggage. It was raining hard, and I sent one small boy after another out in the darkened streets to search for a taxi. When it arrived the two boys were fighting on the steps, each claiming the sixpence tip and the speediest settlement was to pay it to them both. That was a wild ride to the hotel. The driver had evidently been fighting the chilly atmosphere with liquid fire, and in the resultant confusion he dropped my trunk off the taxi into the middle of a puddle at the first corner, and when he tried to put it up again he muttered accusingly:

"'Eaviest trunk I ever see. Say, loidy, what you got in it? Zeppelin bombs?" It was with a feeling of gratitude that I reached the hotel intact.

Since the cotton mills had employed some women before the war, I was particularly interested in the dye works of Manchester. The Levinstein Company is the largest dyeing concern in England. At present it is doing an enormous business for the Government, which has caused such expansion of its works that it is planning after the war to capture for England the enormous American trade that has previously gone to Germany. At this Manchester dye works there are forty chemists experimenting with different dyestuffs to master the secrets that up to this time have been zealously guarded by Germany, and they have achieved such success that they now feel they can rival Germany in the markets of the world.

I had crossed on the steamer with Dr. Levinstein, the head of the firm. Dr. Levinstein said the men were drunk half the time, and refused to work steadily. They felt their power these men up and make them see the necessity of giving satisfaction if they valued their pay envelopes.

A special uniform has been designed for the women — khaki knickers tucked into high boots and a belted coat and visored cap. A former office building has been turned over to their exclusive use with ample arrangement for comfort—locker rooms, rest rooms and canteen; and I saw the competent lady superintendent, who was putting the last touches preparatory to the reception of the thirty girls expected on the morrow, with the understanding that if the scheme worked since there was no other labor to be had, but the introduction of women to this same kind of work would brace well, the firm would take on 200 at the end of a two weeks trial.

An amusing incident occurred at the Manchester Cathedral. When an officer is killed in action the sign of mourning permitted to the soldiers of his company consists of a narrow black ribbon, like a bit of tape, on the back of his collar. A kind-hearted lady attending service at the Cathedral noticed the many black collars and commiserated a soldier on having lost so many officers at the front.

"If it's the black collar you mean, madam, we are Welsh soldiers, and it is our custom. In the early days Welsh regiments wore perukes and they spoiled the collars, so black ones were adopted and have been worn ever since."

So the gentle old lady transferred her sympathies to a more needy cause.

London Hospital Managed by Women

On Endell street in London there is a unique hospital. It is run entirely by women. Dr. Flora Murray and Dr. Anderson are the chief surgeons. Other prominent women physicians are on the staff, also women dentists, anesthetists, X-rayists, chemists, quartermaster, superintendent, matron and nurses; even orderlies and stretcher bearers, all are women, and the librarian is Beatrice Harriden, who wrote "Ships That Pass in the Night."

There are over five hundred patients, and they are separated into three divisions—the surgical, medical and psychopathic wards. The last is for those whose nervous system has been shattered by the horrors of trench life or by having been for hours under direct shrapnel and shell fire. Some are blind from shock, others are deaf, many have lost their power of speech and others cannot walk. The matron told me that while some have not a wound they are absolute wrecks and very difficult to handle, for a nervous man is very much worse than a nervous woman.

"Do these men ever become really normal again?" I asked.

"Yes, the percentage of recoveries is large, especially of the deaf and speechless, and those whose nerves of locomotion are affected they have to learn to walk all over again, like little children."

They have two operating theaters, one for major operations, chiefly abdominal incisions or amputations, and the other for minor operations, fractures, shell wounds, and exploration for bullets. To aid in this work they have a splendid X-ray room with all the latest appliances, and specialize in this rather new development which is proving such an invaluable help to surgery.

On my way out I talked to one of the patients lying in the courtyard, a man who had lost a leg at the thigh. He seemed very intelligent, and I was interested to gain from him some idea of how the men felt about this hospital run by women.

"Do the soldiers like this institution as well as those in charge of men surgeons?" I asked.

"The women doctors are all right; they are just splendid, and many of the men ask to be sent here, if it can be done," he said.

"Is that because they believe that the women are more patient and will take more pains to save an amputation?"

"That's the only trouble with them; they work too hard to keep them."

"Surely," said I, "you don't mean that you would rather lose your arms and legs and be crippled all your life?"

"Well, what's the use of saving an arm if the muscles are tore away and it ain't strong enough to work with, or a leg if it is weak and you have to go lame on it? Lop it off, says I, and then you'll get your pension. You might better have steady money in your hand than a leg or arm that don't do you no good."

This certainly was a new angle of vision for me, and I began to feel more cheerful about all the mutilated men I saw on the streets.

Staggered by Lord Northcliffe

One of the most inspiring figures in England today is that of Lord Northcliffe.

He owns and controls a chain of newspapers and magazines and personifies the power of the press, which is so vital a factor in shaping public opinion.

Like most men of his prominence, Lord Northcliffe alternates between public favor and disfavor and seems serenely indifferent to either.

He had just returned from a trip to Spain and to the trenches of the Somme when I reached London.

I had a letter of introduction from a Brooklyn newspaper man, but it seemed a small key to open so big a

A British Soldier Assisting a Wounded German Prisoner Across "No Man's Land," Near Morval, on the Somme Front.

door, for it was only three lines in length. Perhaps its terseness appealed to this news-getting specialist, for I received an immediate response, giving me an appointment for the next morning.

His office is in the Amalgamated Press Building, which is an enormous modern newspaper office building, employing about 3,000 girls. With the note as credentials, I was passed quickly along and finally found myself in the outer reception room of his office, and was told by his private secretary, a capable and distinguished looking young woman, that Lord Northcliffe would receive me. I was ushered into a long room with three windows on one side, furnished in heavy mahogany and with upholstery, curtains and rug in softwood brown and blue. At the farther end a cannel grate fire was burning in a beautiful fireplace.

Before the fire in a deep lounging chair of blue plush was a man who rose to greet me.

It was a dramatic setting, and seemed as unreal as a scene in a play.

Coming briskly forward and giving me a firm handclasp, Lord Northcliffe, in crisp business-like tones said: "Mrs. Payne, I am pleased to know you. What can I do for you?"

This blunt question, put to me by a man whose moments are precious, added the final note to my embarrassment, and I felt myself sinking into an abyss of vacuity, and stripped of the program I had arranged for this interview. So I frankly said:

"The kindest thing you can do is to forget for a moment that you are Lord Northcliffe, and let me talk to you like a plain human man."

This seemed to amuse him, his manner relaxed as he laughed and led me over to a luxurious chair opposite him before the fire and began to talk about golf, which is his one passion outside of newspaper work. This attitude on his part was so reassuring that I swung back to normal in a moment and began to note the personality of the man whose force is so great that he seems like a sort of human dynamo.

Lord Northcliffe is one of the most extraordinary men I have ever met. Of medium height, his figure is compactly knit, and the well-set head is finely proportioned, with square, fighting jaw and full, firm lips. He is clean shaven and has a clear, ruddy complexion and deep-set, clear blue eyes under strongly marked brows. His brown hair is straight and falls in a rebellious look over a rather high forehead.

Restored once more to a degree of serenity, I asked him first what the general feeling in England was toward the United States.

He smiled deprecatingly and said: "We did not expect you to go to war, but we did look to you at the beginning, and have on several occasions since, to utter some protest at things that have occurred which have violated the ideals for which we believed you stood. Your silence has been incomprehensible and we could put but one construction on it and that not a favorable one to the heart of [illegible]

tion. The American Government seems to have no unity—no clear national voice."

"Perhaps," I said, "that is because we are the melting pot of all the nations, and have to consider many racial antagonisms and sympathies when we speak as the American people."

"England, too, is full of different strains," he said. "Lancashire does not understand Devonshire, nor Yorkshire the Londoner. The Scotch are a different race, more like the French. There is less difference between a Scotchman and Frenchman than between Scotchmen and Englishmen. Yet, in spite of the vast differences in Great Britain, all are pulling together."

"Yes," said I, "because there is a great common cause for the moment. If we were at war and there was need to protect our life as a nation, I believe a great national spirit would be born in the United States."

"That may be true," said Lord Northcliffe.

Lord Northcliffe's Opinion of How Germany Will Fail

"I would like your opinion," I asked Lord Northcliffe, "on one point, which would be of great interest to me. I have considered this war as a rope made of four strands—1, military; 2, economic; 3, political; 4, psychological. Both sides have these elements to consider, and the ability of either side to continue the war is dependent on its total strength or resultant force which is the rope made up of these four strands. This rope is no stronger than its weakest strand, and I want to know which element you consider most likely to fail in the German situation."

He considered the matter for a moment, then said:

"I believe the psychological strand will be the weakest in the German situation. The German people have been fed on illusions and lies, and how is the German Government going to explain defeat to its people?

"Their papers tell them that the Zeppelins have reduced London to ruins—that the French soldiers are starving.

"The other day at the front I met a former friend of mine, an officer in the German army, who had just been taken prisoner. I greeted him and asked if I could serve him. He said that he wanted nothing, that his situation as a prisoner was simply a fortune of war, but he did regret that London had been so destroyed. I assured him it was not so, but he only smiled and shook his head and said he knew positively and on the best authority that Victoria Station was laid waste. Some day people who have been so deceived will demand a reckoning. What will the Germans do when they learn the truth? Unless the German psychology breaks down or some extraordinary military act causes a crisis, the war may continue for two years more Germany has been preparing for this war since Frederick 1, and she cannot be crushed in a moment."

At the close of the interview Lord Northcliffe asked me my plans, and I said:

"I would like to go to France."

"Why don't you?"

"Because I am told it is dangerous, and the difficulty of travel great."

"If you are discouraged, you had better remain here in England, but if you really want to go to France, make a start and go. You can accomplish anything you want in this world if you really want it hard enough."

On the strength of this inspiring word from a man who has certainly accomplished all he desired, I began at once to plan to cross into France, and my safe arrival there a week later confirmed the value of Lord Northcliffe's advice.

War Time Changes in Paris

Paris is no longer gay and sprightly. She offers a changed face to travelers these days; she is fighting for her life and hard beset, but doing it with such courage and calmness that the inspiration of her bravery balances the decades of dashing pleasures she has offered to her visitors. The streets are full of soldiers. The per missionaires, as they call the men on leave, have eight days rest from the front, and are transported without charge to Paris; here they slouch along the streets [illegible] with sad [illegible] in the shop windows. They are weary looking, these bearded fellows, and their dented steel bomb-proof helmets and mud-stained heavy boots show them to be fresh from the trenches. They are a contrast to the new recruits fresh from the drill grounds, who have not yet seen service. These look eager and erect in their unstained uniform of horizon blue. Then there are the wounded, men without arms, or lacking a leg, or with parts of their jaws shot away—and, saddest of all, the blind. In the Bois you see them and on

the boulevards, being taught to walk and given courage by some young woman who chats and laughs with them and tries to inspire them to step briskly and have confidence. The officers always salute a blind soldier, and a pathetic sight I saw on the shallow steps leading up to a church. A peasant mother and her blind soldier boy were ascending these steps when an officer came out of the church. He saluted the soldier in passing, and his mother said to him, "Your Captain has just passed and saluted you." The poor blind boy, helpless and with limited means of expression, felt the need of doing something, so he turned and kissed his mother—it was all he could do.

The hotels have suffered greatly through the war. The Government took over some to use for the French and Belgian refugees.

The Carlton and Astoria, on the Champs Elysees, are now military hospitals. The beautiful diningrooms and salon facing this avenue have been turned into wards and the beds of the patients can be plainly seen from the street.

Paris hotels have lost not only their wealthy clients who spent money freely, but their servants have all gone to the front, leaving them only men too old or boys too young for military service, which in France claims all men between the ages of seventeen and forty-five years.

Some hotels like the Crillon make a point of employing only Frenchmen who have seen service and been wounded. The lift-man has lost one arm and wears three medals, the porter is a hero of the Marne, and the entire personnel of the hotel is composed of reformes.

The hotels also have to face the increased cost not only of wine and foodstuffs, but also that of coal. Many of them have given up their central heating and have gone back to small stoves or grate fires.

The shops are quite changed, too, lacking the vast tourist trade that filled their coffers before the war. Paris shops must now cater to her own people. Everywhere one sees jewelers' shops with shutters up and the announcement, "Closed until after the war." Expensive linen shops, like the Maison de Blanc, have few customers, but the big department stores, such as the Printemps and Galeries Lafayette, are swarming with trade. Cheap laces, artificial flowers, untrimmed hats, and furs are doing a big business, for there are many people of the middle class that are making money in war supplies, and the next best thing to being thrifty is to be able to pick up a bargain in something that in former days would have been a luxury.

The gay night life of Paris is greatly subdued. The people still sip their coffee and liquors on the pavement at the open cafes, but the brilliant, swift-moving throng of the boulevard is greatly changed in character. The streets are not darkened at night, as they are in London and Edinburgh, but Paris is dim, few of the street lamps are lit, more from economic than fear of Zeppelins. Air raids have been seldom attempted. It is very difficult to get a taxi at night, the Government limits the supply of gasoline and the best chauffeurs are off at the front. Those remaining are very independent and refuse to do night work, and since the motor omnibuses from some of the chief lines are being used at the front it makes it very difficult to get about the streets of Paris after nightfall. I saw but few women chauffeurs. France is bending every effort to find work for her mutilated soldiers, and the women can be used in the munition plants and to take the men's places in heavy work of the field, so every position that can be filled by a wounded soldier is reserved for them.

The whole life of Paris centers around the war and its immediate needs. Every street has its quota of private homes turned for the moment into hospitals for the wounded, or used as storehouses for supplies to be distributed among the vast army of refugees from the invaded district of Northern France and of Belgium that have sought asylum in Paris. People of wealth and social position devote themselves to service of some kind, either for the soldiers or their families. It is no longer considered good form to wear expensive costumes or jewels of any sort, and the thrift and economy that are necessary to save France as a nation are being practiced alike by both rich and poor, and all with a cheerfulness and brave spirit that redeems them from being sordid.

Soldiers' Graves Dot Farms on Marne Battlefield

It was a day late in September and a soft misty rain was falling when I took the train from Paris to Meaux to visit the battlefield of the Marne and to note how the scars of battle were being effaced from a countryside where less than two years before there had been fought one of the mostly hotly disputed and bloodiest battles of the war. For this was the high water mark of the German invasion. It was to this place on the River Marne that Gallieni rushed his troops from Paris by rail, on foot, in taxicabs, omnibuses, motor lines, private automobiles and carriages to stem the advancing tide of German soldiers before they could get within striking distance of Paris.

The twenty-eight mile run took about an hour from Paris, and it did not need much of an effort of the imagination to again people the long straight roads with a hurrying throng of soldiers in every conceivable type of vehicle, rushing with stern faces and grim determination to turn the enemy who had almost reached the gates of Paris. As we drew into the station I smiled at the recollection of the struggles of the English Tommies to pronounce the name Meaux; they called it "Mee-yow"—like a cat—just as they stumbled over Vielle Chapelle, which they called "Veal Chapel," and Ypres, which they pronounced "Wipers."

A military pass is necessary in order to go out to the battlefield, but this had been duly obtained in Paris, by the foreign correspondent of The Eagle, with whom I made the trip, and bore on the front cover a duplicate of the photograph that was on my passport.

The straight French road, with its occasional rows of poplars, ran through fields that had just been harvested—they were dotted like a golf course with small tri-colored flags, each denoting a soldier's grave, sometimes several soldiers in one grave, forty-three in one place. At the head of the grave a white cross bearing the name of the soldier and his regimental number, and back of it the flag. There must have been thousands of them, and may Germans buried there, too; their graves marked with a black square on an upright, and labelled with their marks of identity. They were buried as they fell, and you could visualize the attack and repulse by following the advancing line of German graves until it is met by a group of French graves and the two rows lie facing each other—peacefully enough now.

I noticed a corked bottle containing a card tied on many of the French crosses, and I was deeply touched on reading one to find it was the prayer of a French mother to any French soldier to give her news of her son, who is missing and whom she believed to have been killed at the Battle of the Marne.

Farmers have respected these graves, each with its little barbed wire fence, and have ploughed and planted and have harvested around them—but perhaps in a few years they will be obliterated unless the war ends and the French Government can remove the bones to Paris and give them dignified sepulture. Nature heals more quickly than man—already the torn battle fields ploughed with shot and shell have yielded a bountiful harvest, but for what man has sowed of his kind there will be no fruition on earth.

The little villages still bear the scars of war, their walled buildings were deeply pitted by shells and the roofs tell the tale of recent reparation by patches of fresh terra-cotta tiles, or still have gaping holes.

Barcy, with its ancient church, seems to have been the center of some special conflict. The churches were always made the first point of attack by the machine guns of the enemy, since there was danger that the belfries would serve as observation towers for the villagers, who could thus give warning of their approach.

The church at Barcy is a complete ruin; a shell squarely hit the belfry and dislodged the bell, and the clock fell crashing through the tower to the pavement below. The beautiful bronze bell lies there unhurt, but

the clock is a jangled mass of rusting springs and wheels.

The high altar is a wreck, and through the bare rafters one can see the sky. As I turned from the ruined church I looked down the ancient cobbled street, with its gray houses of stone and cement, and saw a pastoral scene—a flock of sheep on its homeward way, followed by an ancient shepherdess, in weather bleached cape, and accompanied by her well trained, faithful dog.

Our driver was filled with the true dramatic instinct, and, leaning back from his high seat, he asked in mysterious tones if we desired to see "les Boches." Assenting, we dismounted, and to his repeated "doucement," we crept like conspirators to a small stone house with padlocked doors, and through the window we saw three German prisoners quite cheerfully and peacefully repairing some chairs.

After this thrilling spectacle we went to see the trenches. I had always imagined trenches to be ditches dug in straight line. I was astounded to find them a maze of zig zags not more than eight or ten feet without a sharp bend or turn. The driver said they were built that way so no machine gun getting the range could make a clean sweep of the trench.

I climbed down into them and walked along in the slippery mud, for I wanted the experience of being in a real trench. They were about seven feet deep and four feet wide; their sides were protected from caving in by roughly woven willow withes like coarse basket work; and on the side facing the enemy there ran a ledge about a foot high on which the soldier could stand to fire.

As we drove back through the flag-studded fields to the train I realized we were looking in the graves of men who had really saved France, and from every mound came the sentiment:

"Mon corps a la terre,
Mon ame a Dieu,
Mon coeur a la France."

General Joffre Decorates the Heroes of France

An announcement was made public in the Paris journals that at 2 o'clock on a certain day the soldiers were to be decorated at Les Invalides for special bravery, so I started out in the bright Paris sunshine in what I thought was ample time to see this touching ceremony. But as I crossed the bridge Alexandre III I saw a great crowd massed before the bronze gates in the Esplanade, and when I arrived at the Invalides I found about five hundred people all eager to get beyond the gates and into the inner court, where they could have a glimpse of the proceedings. A long row of policemen kept the people in order, and the situation looked hopeless to me till I recalled Lord Northcliffe's inspiring suggestion that you could do anything if you wanted to hard enough, and I certainly did want to get into that court. So I plucked up courage and said to the nearest policeman in my very best French, "Will you have the kindness to take me to your chief?" Saluting me with solemnity he led me to an officer with much gold braid on his hat. I smiled cordially at him and said:

"Monsieur le Captaine, I am an American and have no card of admission, but I want very much to see you decorate your brave soldiers. I know you can pass me through if you will, and I am going to ask you to do me that favor."

"Madame," said he, "do you see that long line of people, each one as eager as you to be admitted?"

"Yes," said I, "but they seem to be all French people, and they could come again; but I am sailing in two days for the United States and this is my one opportunity, for when I return to la belle France war will be ended."

He smiled genially and said:

"Madame, your argument is sublime; it claims on [illegible] sympathy and pity ing," and greatly to my delight he took my arm and led me not only past the gates but through the throng, and I found a splendid point of vantage in the front row of an open balcony.

It was an interesting sight. The beautiful Cour d'Honneur, built by Louis XIV, with its double tier of open balconies, crowded with people, and in the open square a velvet draped table on which were the medals with their bright ribbons. Napoleon had often stood in this same square to decorate his soldiers, and today another military hero, the idol of the people, General Joffre, also a man below middle stature like Napoleon, was performing the same gracious act.

He was simply dressed in red trousers, blue coat and red cap; no gold lace, no decorations beyond the insignias of his rank.

Around the table was formed a hollow square—a pitiful array of pale and wounded men, each standing as straight as possible to receive this honor. One side of the square was formed by a thin line of officers. General Joffre kissed each one on both cheeks as he pinned on his decoration. Two other sides of the square were formed by several rows of wounded soldiers. To each of them General Joffre spoke a personal word as he pinned on the medal handed him by the assisting General Coussin.

One of the wounded, unable to stand the strain, fainted away and was lifted by his comrades and carried under my balcony, where he was revived by two nursing sisters, and General Joffre stepped from the ranks to speak a special word to him and decorate him, so I had a good opportunity to look on this greatest of living French military heroes.

He had a rare expression of tenderness on a face that was strong and keen and practical; his eyes burned with a steady determined light. He seldom smiled and spoke deliberately in a vibrant, low voice.

The fourth side of the square was most pathetic of all; it was formed by the widows and orphans of those soldiers who had died before their heroism could receive public recognition, and the Government was giving their medals to their wives or, if they were not living, to the orphans.

I was interested in the three kinds of medals, the Croix de Guerre, a bronze maltese cross on a green and red striped ribbon on which was either a star or a palm, the one for a citation for an army corps, and the other for a citation by the army for bravery.

Medaille Militaire—Gold and silver medal on a yellow ribbon bordered with blue, for special valor or service.

Legion d'honneur—Enameled maltese cross on plain red ribbon. This was the highest honor, and rarely given. It meant service of a most distinguished character.

During the decorating a military band played in the Court, and I was glad to recognize many of Sousa's marches. It was well we had music, for many were quietly weeping as they saw these brave fellows being decorated and realized that the crosses pinned on them were only symbolic of the crosses that are not visible, but which these wounded men must bear while they live.

American War Relief Distribution in France

War lays a heavy hand on France, and everyone is paying toll in service to the wounded or caring for the nearly destitute families of the soldiers whose small separation allowance is not enough for their needs. Then there are the war babies and helpless orphans, and the refugees from Belgium and Northern France, now occupied by the Germans, who have swarmed to Paris seeking shelter and food.

Blind soldiers, who must be taught to work; mutilated men who must learn to make a living else they will either become human derelicts or commit suicide. There are so many

that it would be unbearable if you did not get a glimpse of the other side and become fired with enthusiasm and admiration at the spirit of generosity, self-sacrifice and helpfulness shown toward these victims of war.

These works of secours of all kinds are legion, but there is not a single important one that has not felt the generous support of American money or the volunteer service of American workers and this has preserved the entente cordiale between us, this generous response of America to Europe's desperate need. No matter what criticism is made of the Ameri-

can Government, there is nothing but love and cordial appreciation of what American citizens have done.

I was particularly impressed with the wonderful system by which American contributions find the way to their destinations in France.

This is done through the American Relief Clearing House, which has received and shipped thousands of cases, bales and packages, ranging from a small private donation of a dozen articles to great cases containing hundreds of dozens. These goods are brought over from America free of freight charges by the French line to Bordeaux, the French Government admits them free of customs duties, and gives them free transport over all the railroads in France. The system of distribution is perfect. It is American efficiency developed to its highest power.

The office is in the beautiful building on the Rue Francois I that used to be the American Embassy, and here is to be found the directing power of the whole system, J. R. Barbour, who in distributing these gifts, also sends personal letters expressing the sympathy of the American people and the honor they feel in being able to do a little to discharge the debt that America owes to France. Thus the donations are robbed of that hated odor of charity which would be so offensive to the sensitive spirit of the French.

I met a young woman from Boston, a college girl who had devoted her vacation time to hospital distribution work. She drove her own car at home, so was given the work of distributing in Paris and down through the Chateaux district. Another young woman went with her, and they were given a car full of supplies for hospitals en route. She said it was the most wonderful vacation she had ever spent, they were received everywhere with the utmost cordiality by the French people, always were able to get gasoline, which is one of the greatest problems in France, and found willing hands to help in case of tire trouble.

How France Disposes of Her Wounded

There are hundreds of hospitals in Paris and throughout France supported by private bounty or by the Red Cross, or under direct Government control.

The general system of disposing of the wounded is to take them direct from the firing line to the base hospital back of the trenches, where they receive "first aid" and are ticketed with the nature of their wound and expedited to Paris.

Cases needing immediate surgical treatment are sent to Paris hospitals, those that can stand the trip are redistributed to hospitals along the coast and elsewhere in France by the network of railways that center in Paris.

Probably the most famous American hospital is the American Ambulance at Neuilly, just outside of Paris, of which Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt and Miss Anne Morgan are prominent donors and sponsors, and where both have served as nurses. Some confusion has arisen on this side, because the word "ambulance" in French means hospital, while the vehicle they call a "motor-ambulance."

I spent a most interesting afternoon with Mrs. George Monroe, the head of this institution, whose beautiful home in Paris was one of the social centers before the war. Now she is devoting her life to this work.

The American Ambulance is housed in the old Lycee Pasteur, an institution belonging to the French Government and turned over by it to a committee of Americans in Paris, who saw the immediate need of such a hospital, at the beginning of the war. The building was in a condition of semi-ruin, nothing but the walls, floors and roof—not even windows and doors.

With incredible speed it was repaired, painted, fitted with plumbing, and furnished by American energy and money, and it now has 600 beds and 3 operating rooms, 85 American trained nurses, who are paid, and a corps of volunteer auxiliary nurses, American, English and French. The ambulances are run by young American men who daily bring the wounded from the railroad station of La Chapelle, where all the wounded arrive from the fighting front.

One of the drivers told me of a touching incident that had happened the day before. When he was bringing in his load of wounded, a convalescent soldier in the court yard rushed forward and the orderlies could hardly restrain him from embracing the man on the stretcher. It was his brother, whom he had not seen or heard of since the beginning of the war and whom he had believed dead.

The surgical work at this hospital is specially fine. Many American surgeons and dentists give their services for a short time, and in return gain a wonderful practical experience.

The work in jaw building is most remarkable. The developments in each case are followed up by series of photographs and plaster casts. The greatest triumph was a man whose lower jaw had been completely shot away. A piece was taken from each of his shin bones to form a new jaw, and by a slow process of skin grafting a new jaw was built and made to grow. It had taken more than a year, but I saw and spoke to the young man, a boy of 20, and he was not at all a repulsive sight. He could talk and eat soft food and was almost ready to leave the hospital and take up his life again.

Finding Work for Blind Soldiers

The second phase of the problem in France is what to do with the cripples when they are well enough to leave the hospitals. These maimed men must be taught to be self-supporting, and the re-education of the mutilated is as important as the care of the wounded.

At the Grand Palais in the Champs Elysees hundred of cripples are being taught some trade in which they can use the limbs remaining to them. The blind soldiers, men who are doomed to darkness all their lives, made a special appeal to me. The only way to keep them sane is to make them useful.

The Lighthouse for the Blind, a French branch of the one in New York, established by the New York Association for the Blind, of which Joseph Choate is the president, was opened in August by Miss Winifred Holt in Paris, with whom I took tea one afternoon. I was much interested in her practical schemes for arousing the interest of the blind. There was on the edge of the desk near the visitor's chair a small bronze elephant.

"He is one of my best friends," she said. "When I have a blind soldier brought in to me for the first time he sits hopelessly in that chair, and it is my business to get hold of him. Presently, after the manner of the blind, his hands vaguely grope as he talks, and soon fall on the elephant, and I say, 'What are you touching?' In a moment he has run his hand along the animal and says, 'An elephant.' Then I can show him he need not despair since he can see with his hands."

At this lighthouse the blind are taught many trades, machine knitting, typewriting, rug and basket weaving, pottery mending, piano tuning and massage.

They discover that the only way to learn how to be blind is to find light through work.

I saw a touching episode at the "Quinze-Vingt," a semi-military hospital in the Latin Quarter for eye cases.

In the entrance corridor a young soldier, with bandaged eyes, had just been told by a nursing sister that the operation by which he had hoped to regain his sight had proved unsuccessful and he would never see again.

He received the news silently, but

dropped forward in an attitude of deepest despair, with his hands between his knees.

Just at that moment his mother and aunt arrived from the provinces to visit their wounded soldier and the sister at the door told them the sad news and led them toward the boy. Speechless with grief they sat down quietly near him, overcome by the sight of his suffering.

The nurse then said to him:

"Your mother and aunt are here."

"Where are they?"

"Put out your hand and you will touch them."

With the appealing gesture of the blind he gropingly found his mother's knee. With a glad cry of relief and joy he threw himself on her breast and said:

"O, my mother, you are all that remains to me."

And I saw that mother encircle her boy with loving arms, set aside her own grief and rise with splendid self-control to meet the new demand upon her. It typified to me the spirit of the women of France—that splendid spirit which has regenerated France and lifted her above the horrors of the mud and mutilation of the trenches. The spirit of the women who first bravely gave their men for the service of their country and then receive them broken and mangled and with infinite patience and love help them to reconstruct their lives and teach them to live again.

Once in France It Is Hard to Get Out Again

War-time regulations in regard to espionage make it just as difficult to leave Paris as it is to try to enter there.

Military rules insist that you shall either pass directly through Paris with not more than twenty-four hours stay, or else be detained fourteen days while your record and your identity are being established.

The French officials in London were courteous but vague. They shrugged their shoulders, reminded me that it was war time and the private schedules of travelers were no concern of the government, but finally they wrote the full circumstances on the back of my passport and duly gave it the official stamp and seal.

So it was with a feeling of hope that I applied at the steamship office in Paris for reservations on the Espagne. They would do nothing for me until I could show them my "Sauf Conduit" and permission to depart signed by the police.

I first had to go to our consul general, Mr. Thackeray, and receive the official recognition and sanction of the United States, then present myself at the French Prefecture of Police, where I stood nearly three hours in a line in a cold, draughty stone corridor awaiting my turn.

The police official who took my case in hand at first demanded a photograph—but my supply had been exhausted and it had not occurred to me that they would ask for a photograph when you left the country.

My experience in traveling had made me feel that they would be so glad to see you go that they wouldn't try to retain even a picture of you.

It was an anxious moment for me, and I saw that I might be detained until after the sailing of my boat, just for the lack of an extra photograph.

So I spurred up my somewhat limited French to meet the occasion, and by dint of courteous persuasiveness I argued and entreated until I saw signs of capitulation on the face of that serious and conscientious policeman, who seemed to find logic in my statement that I was going back home and nothing could induce me to visit his beautiful country again until peace was restored and she had reinstated the American traveler in her affections.

He consented to forego the photograph and reluctantly passed me along to the next in line, and by a slow process I reached the exit and was handed my passport with its final French stamp and farewell vise.

On the day of my departure, as I drove up to the station Quai d'Orsay, I noticed a crowd quickly forming. From the limousine that preceded my humble taxi four strong porters carried a sort of sedan chair in shafts, and the occupant was the divine Sarah. I knew her at once by her hair, glowing a marvelous red beneath her traveling toque. It was 7:45 a.m. and at that hour even geniuses may be permitted to be in a state of partial eclipse, but Sarah Bernhardt transcended the human frailty and was smilingly responsive to the farewell enthusiasm of her beloved Parisians. And somehow I was conscious of the warmth of her personality all the long eight hours during which we journeyed on the same train to Bordeaux, for she, too, was sailing on the Espagne for New York.

In passing through the large towns I noticed in the outskirts long rows of newly constructed sheds where French women were turning out munitions for their poilus at the front.

The little villages were almost empty except for a few old men or wounded soldiers home on leave, and always the ubiquitous small boy who in France wears a black cotton blouse shirred on a yoke which thriftily protects his suit.

In the fields I saw only women and Austrian prisoners gathering the harvest, and as we went further south into the grape district I saw them treading the grapes to make wine. Husky prisoners with bare feet, and trousers rolled to the thigh, were stamping the purple grapes which had been piled to the brim of huge wooden vats.

Under the pressure the juice pressed from the grapes ran from a spigot below, but a close view of this primitive operation was calculated to rob anyone of the desire to drink "vin ordinaire."

It was an interesting shipload—Madame Bernhardt, Lina Cavalleri, Mme. Montesori, Monsieur Dalmores, Herr Speck of the Metropolitan, and other celebrities—all just as uncomfortable in a heavy sea as we lesser mortals, for old Neptune is no respecter of persons.

A curious disturbance arose when we were near enough home to send radiographs via Cape Race to our friends announcing our arrival. Suddenly, by the captain's orders, no more could be sent. Then it was observed that we had changed our course and were heading due south with great speed.

Rumors of all kinds began to spread, and the anxiety was not lessened by the stewardess asking us to try on our life-belts to be sure we could adjust them, and a printed notice was slipped under the door of my cabin saying that in case of abandonment of ship my place would be No. 22 in lifeboat No. 9.

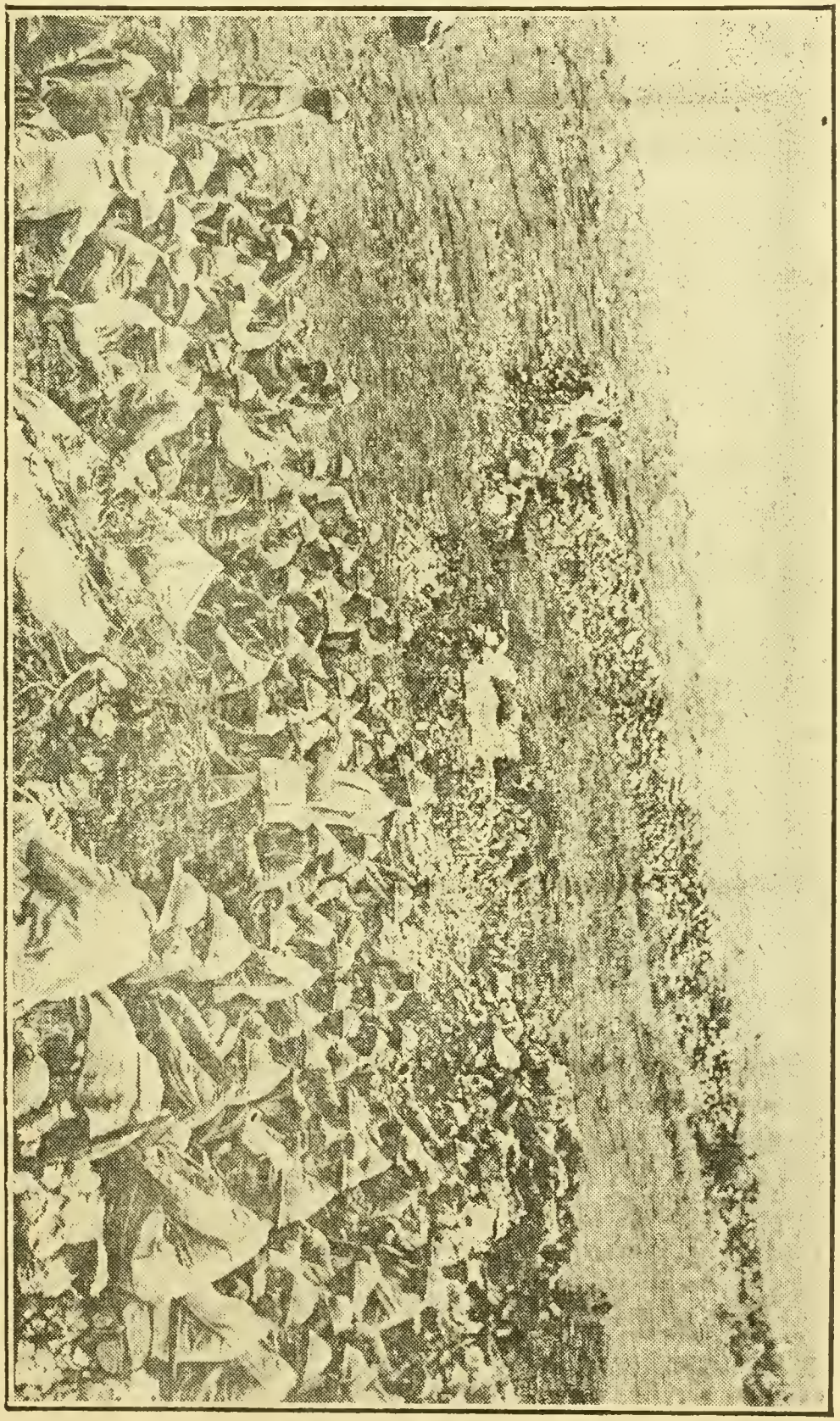
I promptly went up on the top deck and located the boat so I could find it in a moment in the dark.

Another night of darkened ship and then we steamed peacefully back north in the protection of our three-mile limit—we must have gone south as far as Baltimore before we started to turn inshore.

The next morning at Quarantine we read in the New York papers the story of the U-53 and realized that our ship was the special prize for which she had been looking, since the Espagne was the largest merchant ship of the Allies due in New York at that time.

We had been warned by wireless just as we were entering the zone of operations, and without a sign turned and fled south.

It was with a greater joy than usual that I greeted the Statue of Liberty, which always typifies homecoming to me, and as we slowly pushed our way along the dock into our berth, and the faces of the waiting crowd became the faces of individuals, I was overwhelmed with a tremendous thankfulness that we are not living in the actual shadow of war times; that the sad sights on the other side have no counterparts over here, and I devoutly hoped that we Americans might learn our lesson from Europe at war and not be called upon to sacrifice all we love and hold most dear in order to preserve our existence and the purity of our national ideals.



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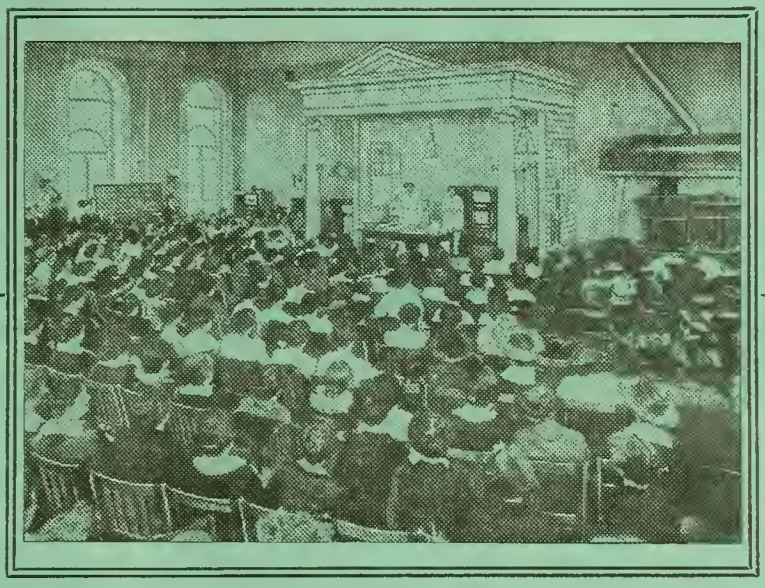

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